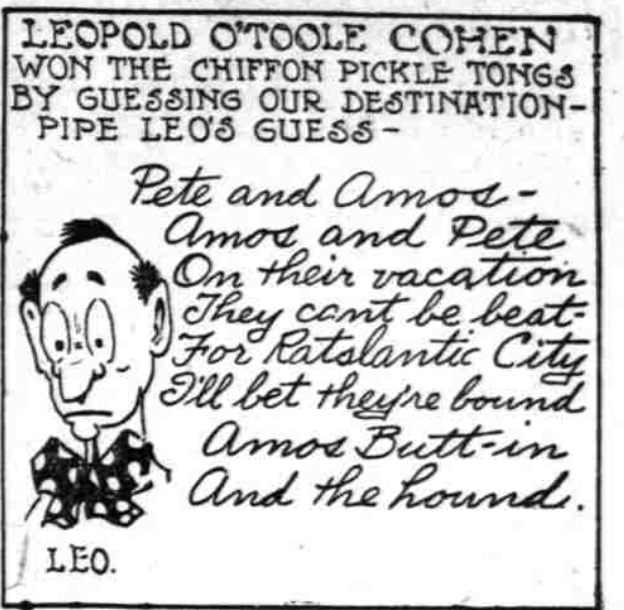


The Gay Vacationers—Amos and Pete—Make Their Getaway

Drawn for The Washington Times By C. L. Sherman



Adventures —IN— Married Life



THE most ordinary of the little daily happenings of married life," said the Little Old Lady, "may sometimes serve as a flashlight by which, through some perfect stranger's eyes, the partner of our married existence is revealed to us in a new and utterly unsuspected phase."

"The Godfrey Matthews," continued the Little Old Lady, "had been married for a longer period than most of the couples down our street. The exigencies of an earlier married life, when money was none too plentiful and the children demanded mutual compromises, had evolved for them a pleasant habit of harmonious and tolerant living. Matthews was one of those men characterized as 'easy going,' who, really, are so steadfast in purpose toward the things that really matter they can afford to let trivial things pass unnoticed. The neighborhood generally accredited Mrs. Matthews with being the 'progressive and moving spirit' of the Matthews household, which meant that she was so energetic in small fads and little ambitions that she lost the worth of real things in the fictitious value she placed on the nonessentials. Godfrey's very real ability, through continuously improving stages, at last provided a more than thoroughly satisfactory manner of living. But Mrs. Matthews could not reconcile herself to the fact that Matthews still held to most of his old prosperous pursuits and recreations."

Silk-hatted Dignitary

"Somehow, she felt his failure to conform to her new standards was a confession of his failure to measure up to the standard of the other husbands she met. Her efforts to transform him into a Prince-Alberted, silk-hatted dignitary were rank failures. Her expressions of dissatisfaction were many and varied. 'Now, Godfrey, you aren't going to go fussing about with an old garden again this year! You could get just as much exercise if you would join the golf club, and think how much nicer it would be!' 'Now, Godfrey, do be careful which fork you use!' 'Godfrey, please get rid of that chicken yard and all those horrid, cackling hens; I declare, you might just as well be an old farmer!' But Godfrey only returned easy-going answers, and kept the even tenor of his unaristocratic way."

"Then the Neighborhood Civic Club," said the Little Old Lady, "invited a famous English novelist on tour to lecture for them. Mrs. Matthews entertained the visitor, since the Matthews house was the most imposing, and gave a tea for her that afternoon on the porch. Matthews, consigned to the safe oblivion of his beloved chicken yard, was busily engaged in crating chickens for a chicken fair. Suddenly one of them broke loose, and, with much raucous squawking, escaped across the lawn and up the veranda steps, straight into the heart of the extremely formal tea party. Godfrey, in perspiring, shirt-sleeved pursuit, behind, 'My,' said the English visitor, enthusiastically, 'what a wonderful Buff Cochon!' 'Yes,' said Matthews, a reluctant introduction having been effected (at such times Mrs. Matthews was really ashamed of her husband), 'it is a mighty fine pair.' 'Pair,' said the famous novelist. 'Oh, show them to me. I've got a chicken farm myself.' And both of them vanished to the chicken yard. A little while later Mrs. Matthews went in search of the guest. 'Please, please,' begged she, 'make my excuses to the ladies. I'm having such a wonderful time, and that interesting husband of yours has told me more about chickens, and if you don't mind, we're going to have a lemon squash and some of the cold fried chicken he says must have been left over from lunch.'

"That night," said the Little Old Lady, "Ann Matthews had a chance at seeing her husband through another woman's appreciative eye. Amazed, she watched the two of them build diagrams with her cherished flat silver and eat their meal with a single fork. At the reception after the lecture, with a new critical appraisal, she watched her husband, poised and serene, and saw the deference other men paid him as to one of sterling worth. She never before realized, either, she confessed to herself, how portly, how distinguished and how really good looking he'd grown!"

Refreshingly Original Man

"Next morning the visitor, leaving, said, 'Really, Mrs. Matthews, you are lucky. Your husband is the most refreshingly original man I've met for ages, and one of the few I know who are brave enough to disregard silly customs and do the things he likes because he likes them.' 'And,' said Ann Matthews, with perfect truth, 'you have been a revelation to me.'

"A few days later," continued the Little Old Lady, "when her reserve had been conquered by her desire to speak, Ann went out to her husband in his garden. 'Godfrey,' she said, 'that Englishwoman said some mighty nice things about you—things I never saw before, and we've been married twenty years. I've pestered you so about the chickens and garden and about forks and silly things for years, and now I know there isn't one little single thing about you I'd have changed.' 'Shucks,' said Godfrey, with shy, awkward tenderness, 'why, Annie, if it hadn't been for you these twenty years I guess I'd have gone clear to seed.'

The Little Old Lady leaned back in her chair and looked down our street with a tender smile. Somehow she made me, oh, so glad that we who lived there were just ordinary married folks—just plain, simple men and women."

Our Grocery Clerk Says, 'There's a Way'

This may be a democratic, one-man-as-good-as-another country, all right, but it strikes me that it takes some pretty good guessing to find it out.

I'm thinking of soap. There was a whole box of Silvery soap that the boss couldn't get rid of to save his life. He tried every method hitherto tried by man, but somebody had put the flnx on the box. I guess, and though they were exposed to the multitude about forty different ways, they wouldn't take.

"Watch me," says the boss this morning, and up goes a sign: "Silvery soap, the brand used by King George."

"That'll get 'em," says the boss. And shades of pickled herring! maybe it didn't! There's three cakes in the box now. And the funny part of it is, every time I've seen King George's picture his face has always looked kinda dirty to me."

Nary a Grouch Among These

HOW THEY STUDIED IT
"You ought to join our Shakespeare Club. We have a large surplus."

"And what do you do with your money?"

"Oh, we attend all the musical comedies."

How They Argue
"What we want is economy," said one statesman.

"I thought you wanted appropriations," replied the other.

"I want both: economy for your constituents and appropriations for mine."

A Few Years Hence
"I Sunday on Mars," said the first traveling salesman. "How about you?"

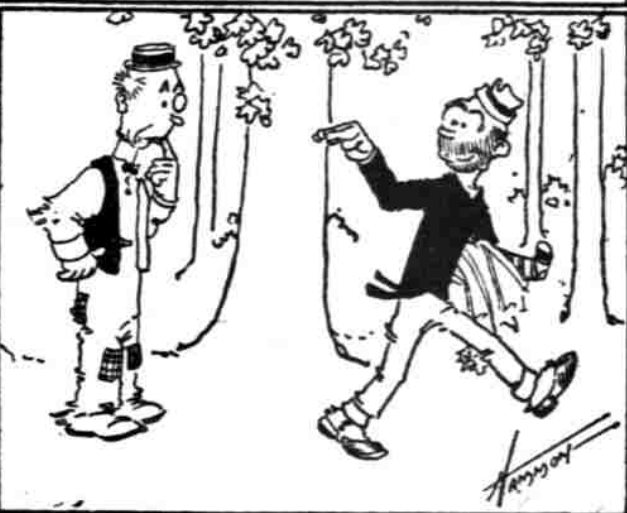
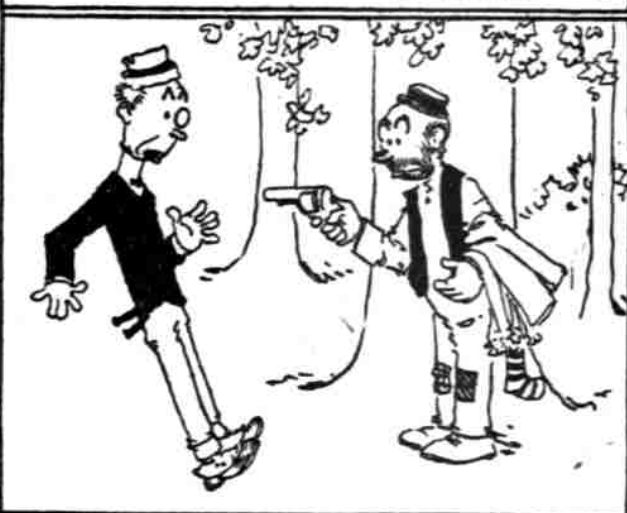
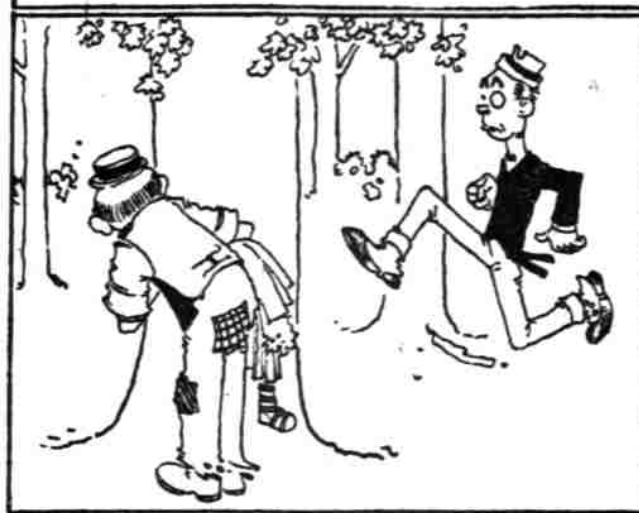
"I'm making the small planets. Guess I'll have to Sunday on some water-tank star."

Matthews' Chickens Scratch Away Difficulties

By JAMES H. HAMMON
Drawn for The Washington Times.

ALGY

HE LOSES OUT IN A CLOTHES RACE



Loretta's Looking Glass



Of all the ostrich-like humans, you are the prize bird. You are self-deceiving, burying your head under the sand of your belief that you really have a place and do count in the scheme of things.

But you have not. The man whose regard is fixed upon you may be sincere. He may honestly believe that you are the woman he should have married instead of the woman he did marry.

But that does not alter the fact that he is married to his wife.

You are nowhere. Literally, that is your status. A man's mistress is where she ought not to be. His wife is where she ought to be. But you are nowhere!

You are the man's mind companion. His wife is not. Your success depends upon your remaining just that. And everything works together to pull you from your one stronghold.

If you become his companion in any other way, you take a toboggan slide down into the underworld that is the haunt of mistresses. You cannot rise to the wife's place—because she got there first.

And listen to some salubrious but unpalatable truth: You stand for what the wife is not. You are the dream; she is the reality. She was a dream once, too. But she was not the kind of a dream that could come true and still prove satisfactory. COULD YOU?

Tapped From a Keg of Humor

ENGLISH JOKE FOR TODAY
Innocence at Last, or the One Who Was Not a Suffragette.

Magistrate—You haven't been for a judicial separation?

Applicant (wife), after deep thought—No, I don't know the place. (Dialogue at Acton.)—The Pink 'Un.

The Worst Realized
"No, mother," said the beautiful heiress, "I shall not marry the count. I do not love him."

"Alas," the good old lady sobbed, "I've always feared you had inherited your father's plebeian ideas."

Worth Studying
"You appear to be studying very hard, my boy," said the kind old man.

"Yes, sir," said the child.

"Is it a spelling book you have, my boy?"

"No, sir; it's the baseball guide."

Pecuniarily
"Let's get up a revolution."

"What's the use? If we capture the government, there's no money in the treasury."

"Well, can't we sell the moving picture right?"

REDDY SMITH CHATS ON THE NATIONAL AIR

I was over too uh moovo las' night. Jimmie, an' while dere was uh good show an' all dat, dere was jes one thing dat puzzled me.

Dere was two women dat played musical interments on de stage an' deir final piece was uh bunch uv ol' songs, endin' wid "Dixie," an' de "Star-Spangled Banner."

De crowd sat in silence while dey played de interductory parts, but when dem Dixie strains hit de air, dey all went mad an' shouted an' clapped till de moosic was drowned out by de noise.

Den, dere was uh slight pause, an' de moosic went into de Star-Spangled Banner. But dere was not uh murmur from de audience, an' tho dere was several uv Uncle Sam's own right in de crowd, dey didn't even as much as change deir position.

De strains sorter pulled at me heart. Jimmie, an' I wanted to shout, an' for I knows it, I'm standin' up strait. As I'm standin' dere, I looks throun' an' dere's only uh woman an' two udder men standin' wid me.

What I can't understand is dis: Why is it dat when Dixie is played, dey go mos' crazy, but when de good old Star-Spangled Banner floats on de air, dese same people dat calls themselves citizens uv de United States will sit dere deaf an' mute to de strains which our forefathers fought under?

Mamie Belle

When It Comes To Obstinacy, Train Windows Win



WITH the exception of a washed head o' hair, Belle, train windows are about the most obstinate things under the sun. I took a run out to see Dora Williams at Greatview yesterday, and, of course, the particular window that went with my seat had to be shut.

I have a horror o' monkeyin' with train windows, Belle. I've read so much about 'em in the funny papers that I'm almost afraid to put my nose against 'em while I'm takin' a travel course watchin' the rollin' green hills and the corn cure ads. fly past.

But yesterday it was so hot and stuffy I made up my mind to brave the pane, so to speak, and get that window open. I went about it very quietly, for a person never knows what it is to feel foolish until he attracts attention tryin' to open a train window.

It might 'a' been easy for an expert burglar, Belle, but it had me guessin'. The thing was full o' knobs and springs and catches, and I could on'y grab two of 'em at one time, and every time I grabbed two and pulled nothin' happened. Fin'ly I got so mad at it I stood up and tried to shake it up, but the thing just laughed at me and stuck. It was a dirty little window at that.

A Blond to the Rescue

Just then a nice lookin' young fellow across the aisle—a blond, Belle, and bigger'n Jim—came up behind me and said, "Can't I help you?"

"You can try your luck if you like," I says, "but you can't help me. I refuse to associate with it any more."

Well, he walks up to it with a just-watch-me sort of air, and in a minute he's puffin' and snortin' and jerkin' and hammerin' and gettin' red and sayin' things under his breath, and the window's where it was at first and proud of it.

"Seems to be stuck, don't it?" he says, but I didn't answer him. I couldn't think of any reply that would do the question justice.

Just then a fat man and a man with red whiskers joined the little party, and the three of 'em took turns assaultin' my window. I felt so bitter against the poor thing by that time that I wanted another chance at it myself, but my three assistants wouldn't let me anywhere near it, so I just had to stand there givin' 'em an imitation of a lady tryin' not to look as foolish as she feels.

The three of 'em was tryin' to work it by a sort o' chorus effect when the conductor strolls up. "Just a second, gents," he says, and when the three fell back moppin' their manly brows the conductor chokes a yawn with one hand, tickles a spring with the other and the window's open. But after this, Belle, I stand on the platform.

CHIMMIE'S HISTORY

I dont think noboddy cood sleep as long as wat Ripvan Winkil did, but sumpoddy doaped him may be, and if they did, they sertainly gave him an orful lot.

May be Ripvan Winkil was tickled to deth to go to sleep, bekaus his wife was fearsee.

If I had a wife like that, I woodent wate for sumpoddy to doap me. Id go to the nearest drug stoar and say, 'For heavens sake give me sumthing to put me to sleep untill my wife kroaks I dont care how lawng it is.'

Sum Wife

No mattir wat Ripvan Winkil wantid to do his wife sed, Yure Krazy. If he wantid to go to the movies, ony thare wasent any movies in the daya, but if thare had of been and he wantid to go, she wood of sed, Wat, go to the movies, wat do you think I am. Dont I let you do awl the werk erround the house, she wood of sed.

Ripvan Winkil must of bin a pritty seky guy to stand for it awl the time like he did, but wat are you going to do wen a womn noks you ovir the had may be for jest settin' awn a chare wen she was going to sit awn it. Nothing, I gess, bekaus if you do you will ony get anuthr nock.

One day, after his wife had bin fearser than evir, Ripvan Winkil sed, Ive had enuff of this, I have, Im going up awn the mountains and get a little rest. Its a sinsh I kant get eny wen shes erround, he sed, meaning his wife, and I gess its a sinsh he coodent.

When he got up in the mountains he met sum funny little people wich was rollin' kanna haw's, and Ripvan Winkil sed, Wats that, for, and they sed, That makes the thunder awn the erth.

No Roob

Get out, sed Ripvan Winkil, wat do you think I am, a roob?

But he watched them a while and they was drinkin' sumthing out of brown bottles and they sed, Have sum, to Ripvan Winkil.

No thanks, sed Ripvan Winkil, how do I no wats in thare.

It coodent be eny werse than wat you get hoam, they sed, meaning his wife, and Ripvan Winkil sed, I gess you no, Kid, yure rite, and he took a big drink and went to sleep jest as if he was sleepin', wich he wasent.

And wen he woak up everyboddy was ded.

Reddy Smith Chats on The National Air

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The Maiden's Doubt; Or, Anna's Answer

In five minutes he would come for his answer.

In the garden of her magnificent mansion, where she had promised to receive him, the maiden pondered. Should she or should she not? He was rather handsome, and his teeth parted in the middle just the way she liked them. Still one can never tell.

In three minutes he would come for his answer. How time flies.

Should she or should she not? Rarely had she seen such well manicured nails as his'n, but still one can never tell, one can never tell.

In one minute he would come for his answer. Ah, here he is. Silently she met him, and he gazed inquiringly into her eyes. She noticed how similar his eyebrows were.

"My answer is—yes," she said. "I will take you."

She answered, however, that if ever he was found quarreling with the other coachman he would be discharged on the spot.

